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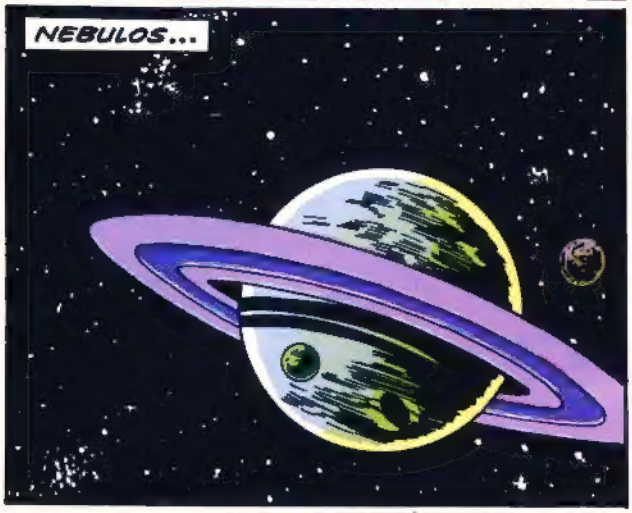
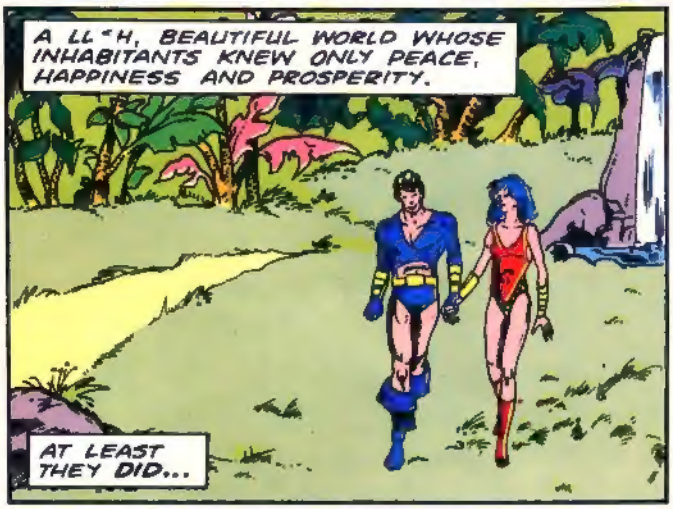
1987 Hasbro Inc

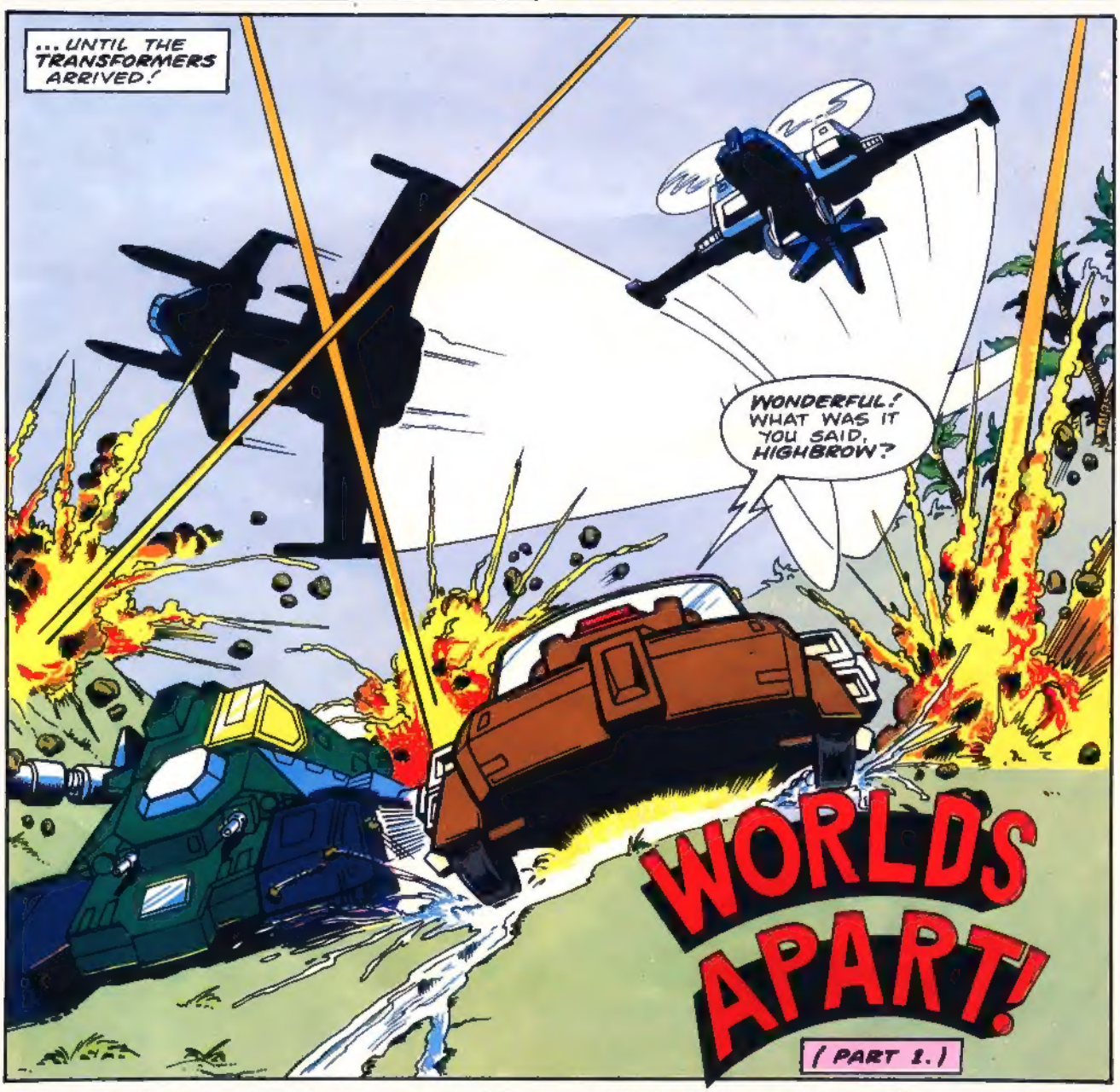
THE TRANSFORMERS™

GREAT HEADMASTERS COMPETITION INSIDE!

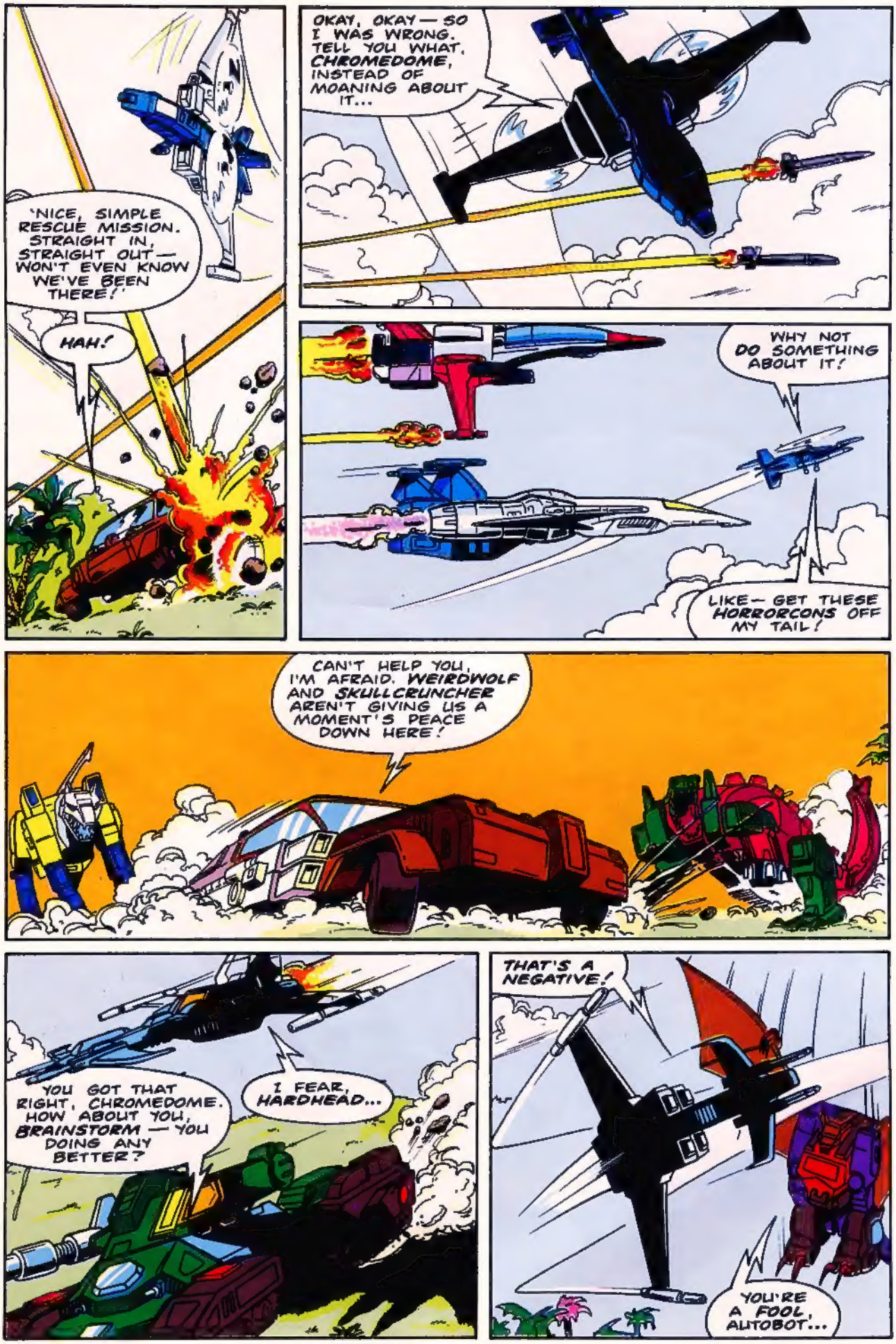
TRANSFORMERS™

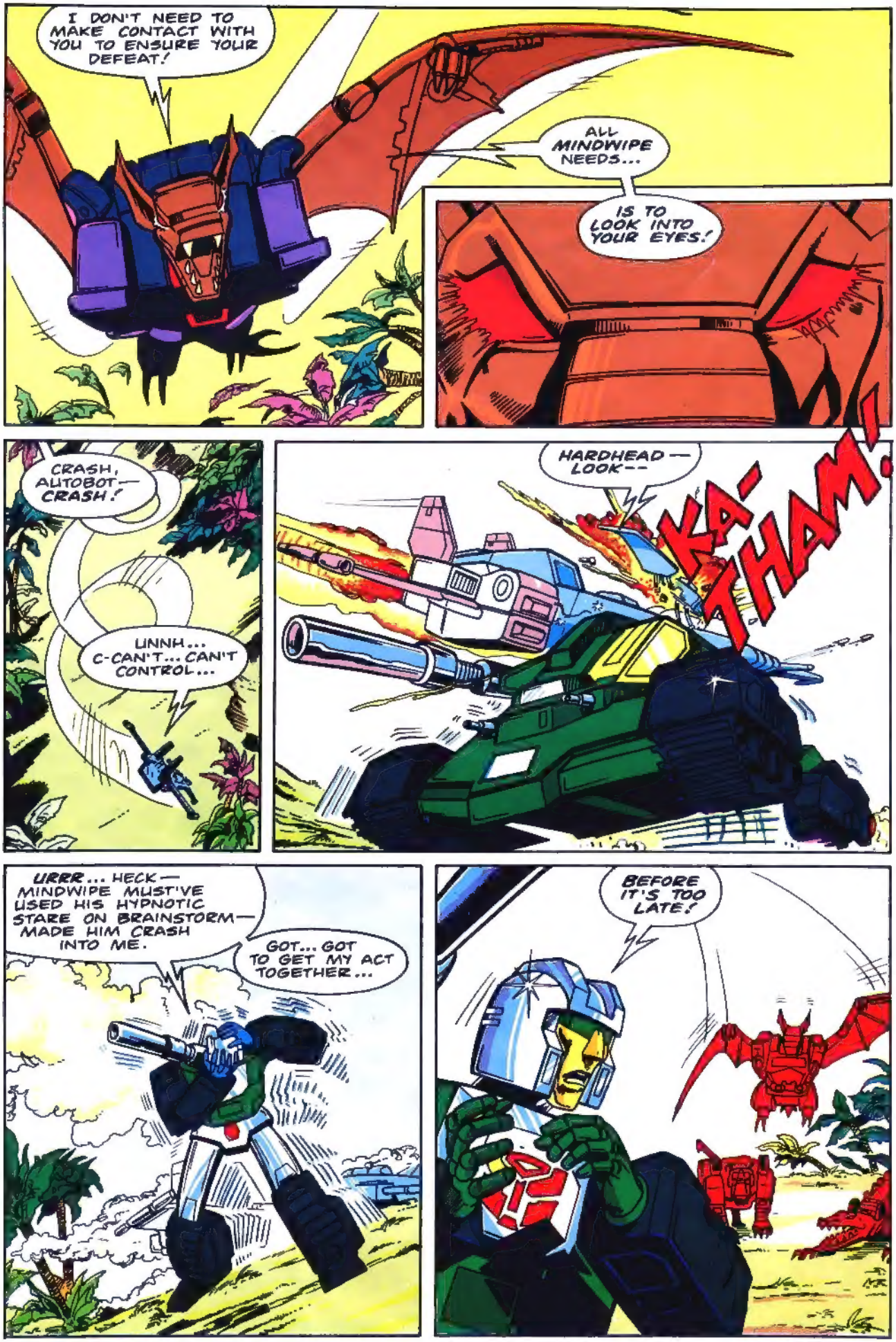


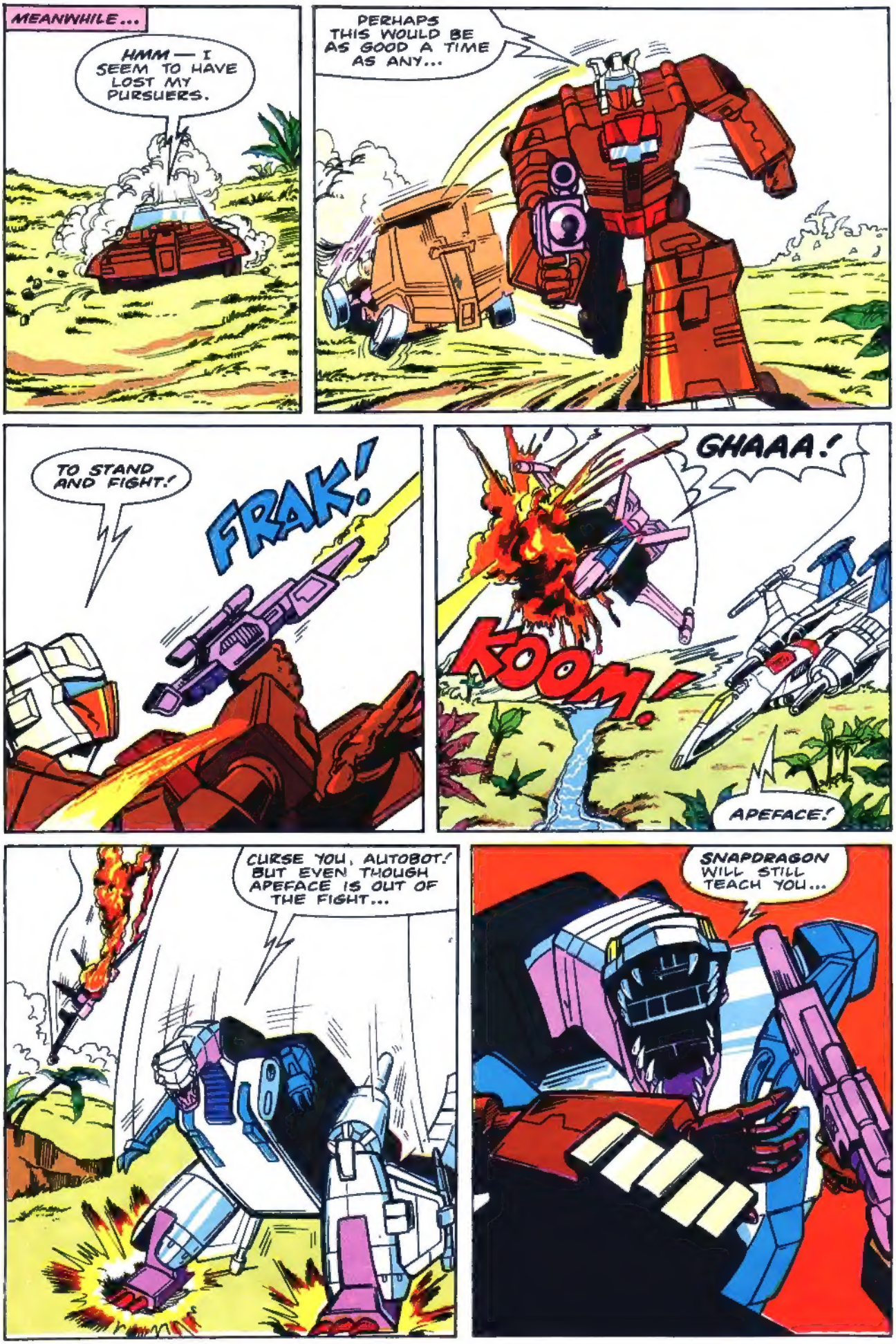


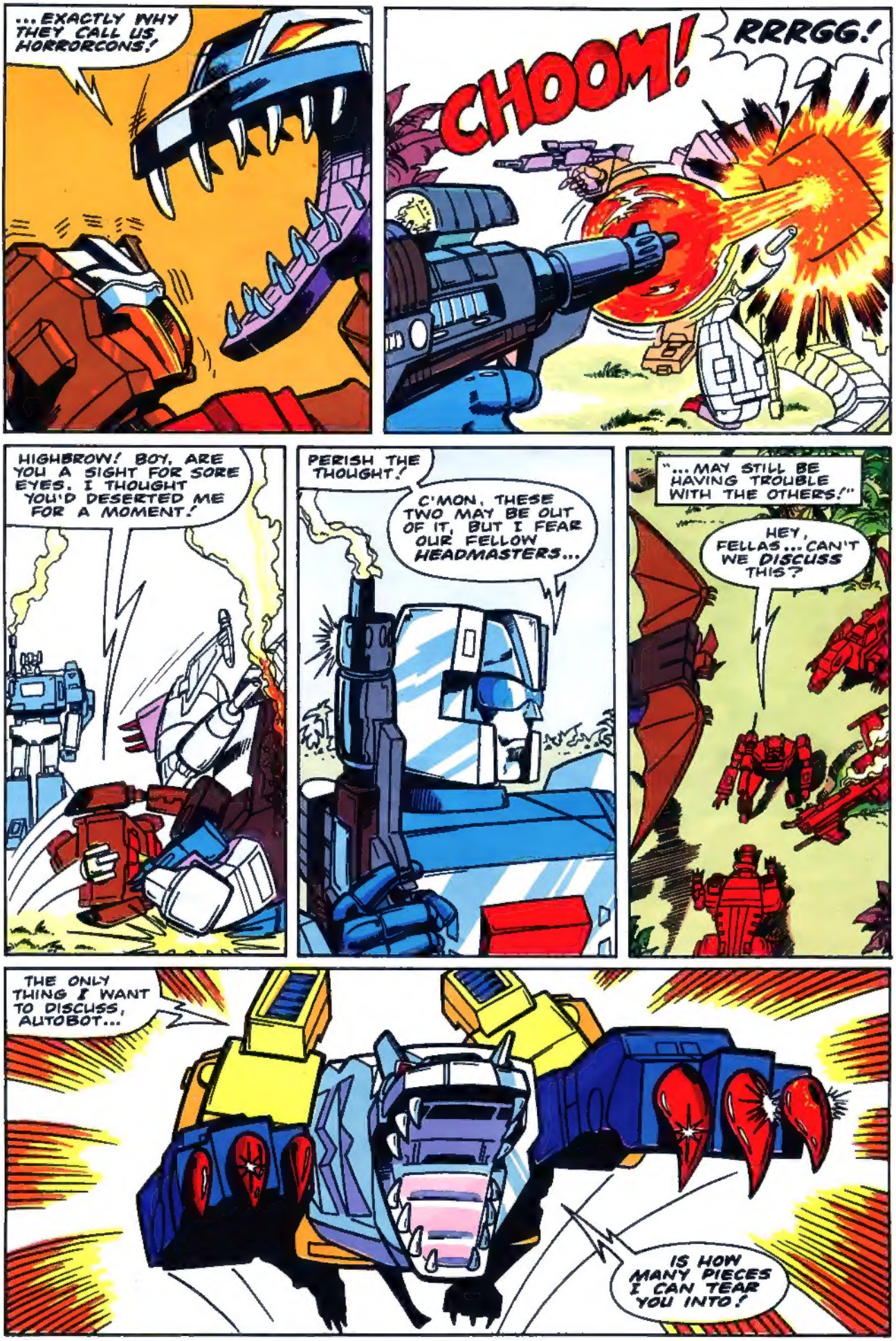


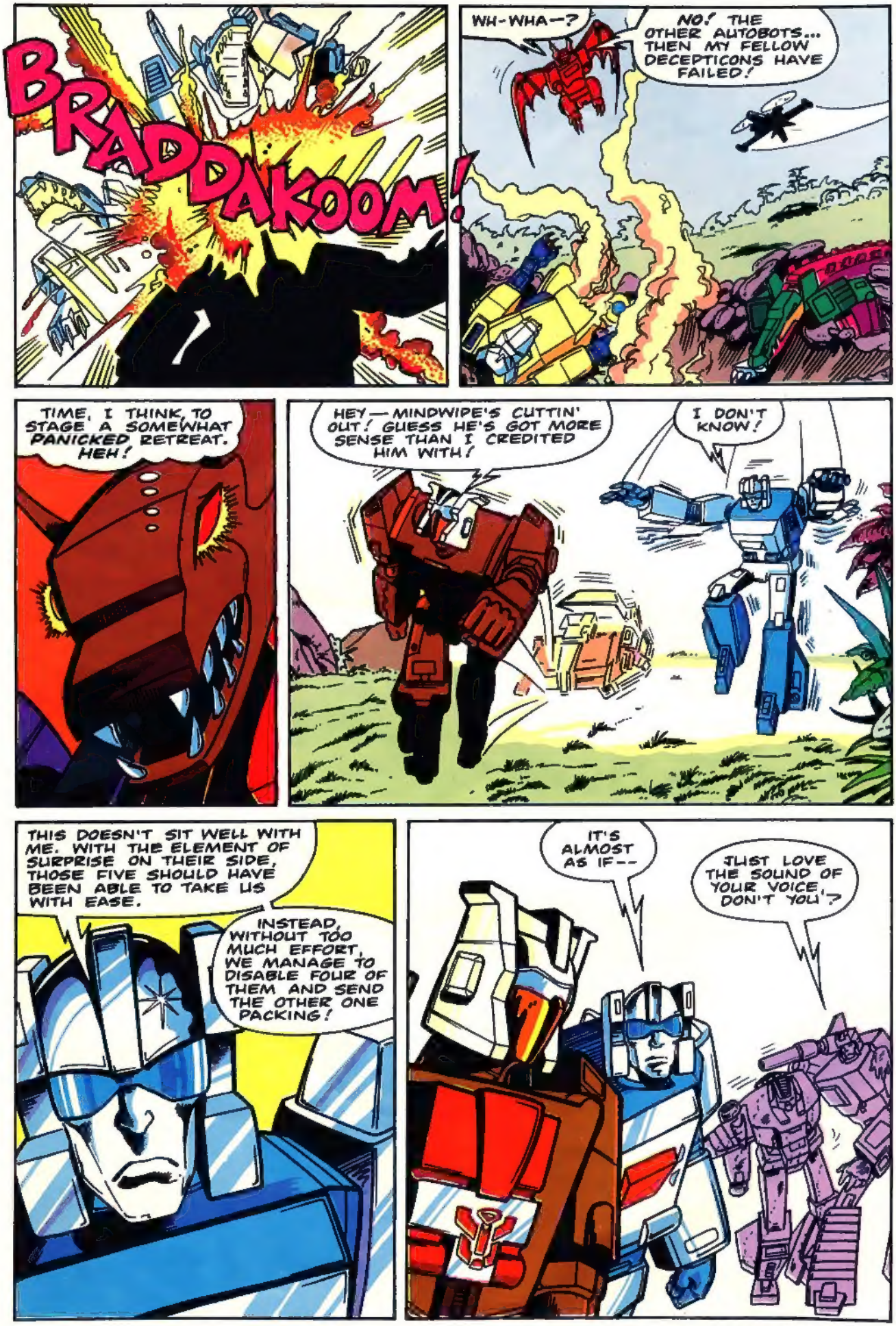
Script **SIMON FURMAN** ■ Pencils **WILL SIMPSON** ■ Inks **TIM PERKINS** ■ Letters **ANNIE H** ■ Colour **STEVE WHITE**


'NICE, SIMPLE RESCUE MISSION. STRAIGHT IN, STRAIGHT OUT— WON'T EVEN KNOW WE'VE BEEN THERE!'
HAH!
OKAY, OKAY — SO I WAS WRONG. TELL YOU WHAT, CHROMEDOME, INSTEAD OF MOANING ABOUT IT...
WHY NOT DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
LIKE— GET THESE HORRORCONS OFF MY TAIL!
CAN'T HELP YOU, I'M AFRAID. WEIRDWOLF AND SKULLCRUNCHER AREN'T GIVING US A MOMENT'S PEACE DOWN HERE!
YOU GOT THAT RIGHT, CHROMEDOME. HOW ABOUT YOU, BRAINSTORM — YOU DOING ANY BETTER?
I FEAR, HARDHEAD...
THAT'S A NEGATIVE!
YOU'RE A FOOL, AUTOBOT...


I DON'T NEED TO MAKE CONTACT WITH YOU TO ENSURE YOUR DEFEAT!
ALL MINDWIPE NEEDS...
IS TO LOOK INTO YOUR EYES!
CRASH, AUTOBOT— CRASH!
UNNH... C-CAN'T... CAN'T CONTROL...
HARDHEAD— LOOK--
KA-THAM!
URRR... HECK— MINDWIPE MUST'VE USED HIS HYPNOTIC STARE ON BRAINSTORM— MADE HIM CRASH INTO ME.
GOT... GOT TO GET MY ACT TOGETHER...
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!


MEANWHILE...
HMM — I SEEM TO HAVE LOST MY PURSUERS.
PERHAPS THIS WOULD BE AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY...
TO STAND AND FIGHT!
FRAK!
GHAAA!
KOOM!
APEFACE!
CURSE YOU, AUTOBOT! BUT EVEN THOUGH APEFACE IS OUT OF THE FIGHT...
SNAPDRAGON WILL STILL TEACH YOU...

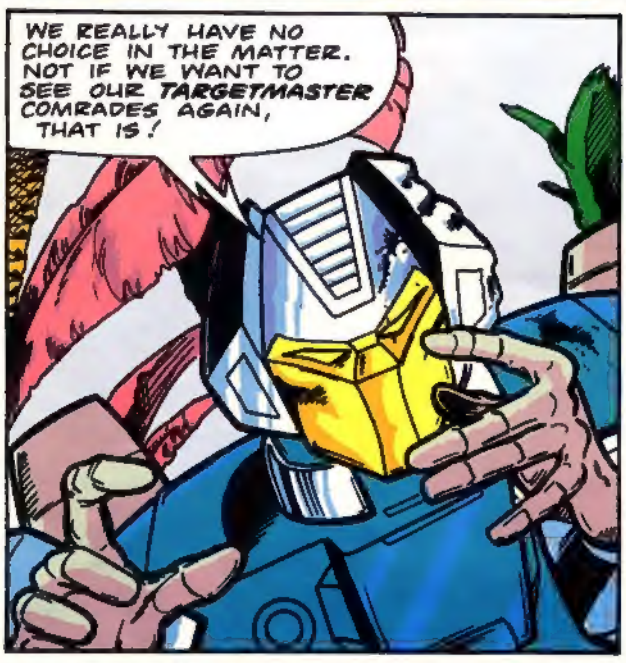

...EXACTLY WHY THEY CALL US HORRORCONS!
CHOOM!
RRRGG!
HIGHBROW! BOY, ARE YOU A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES. I THOUGHT YOU'D DESERTED ME FOR A MOMENT!
PERISH THE THOUGHT!
C'MON, THESE TWO MAY BE OUT OF IT, BUT I FEAR OUR FELLOW HEADMASTERS...
"...MAY STILL BE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE OTHERS!"
HEY, FELLAS...CAN'T WE DISCUSS THIS?
THE ONLY THING I WANT TO DISCUSS, AUTOBOT...
IS HOW MANY PIECES I CAN TEAR YOU INTO!


BRADDAKOOM!
WH-WHA—?
NO! THE OTHER AUTOBOTS... THEN MY FELLOW DECEPTICONS HAVE FAILED!
TIME, I THINK, TO STAGE A SOMEWHAT PANICKED RETREAT. HEH!
HEY— MINDWIPE'S CUTTIN' OUT! GUESS HE'S GOT MORE SENSE THAN I CREDITED HIM WITH!
I DON'T KNOW!
THIS DOESN'T SIT WELL WITH ME. WITH THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE ON THEIR SIDE, THOSE FIVE SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO TAKE US WITH EASE.
INSTEAD, WITHOUT TOO MUCH EFFORT, WE MANAGE TO DISABLE FOUR OF THEM AND SEND THE OTHER ONE PACKING!
IT'S ALMOST AS IF--
JUST LOVE THE SOUND OF YOUR VOICE, DON'T YOU'?

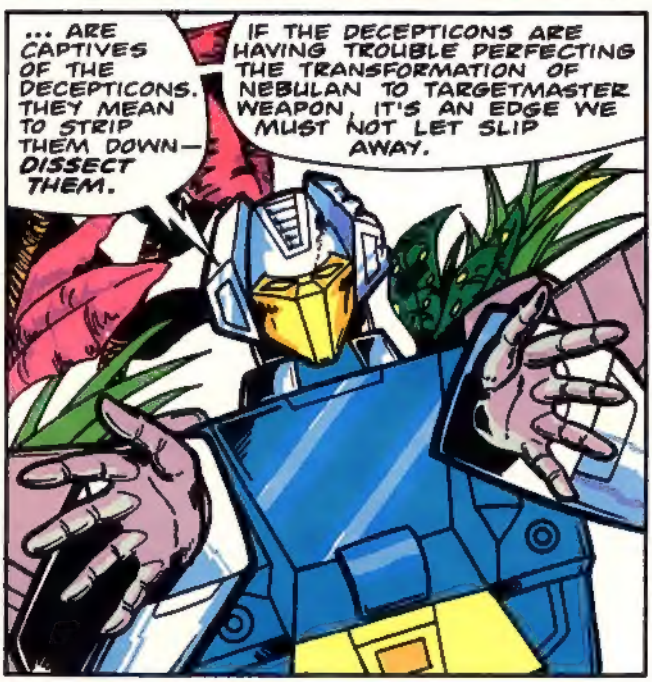
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING, EH? WE WERE BETTER THAN THEM — WE BEAT THEM. IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT!

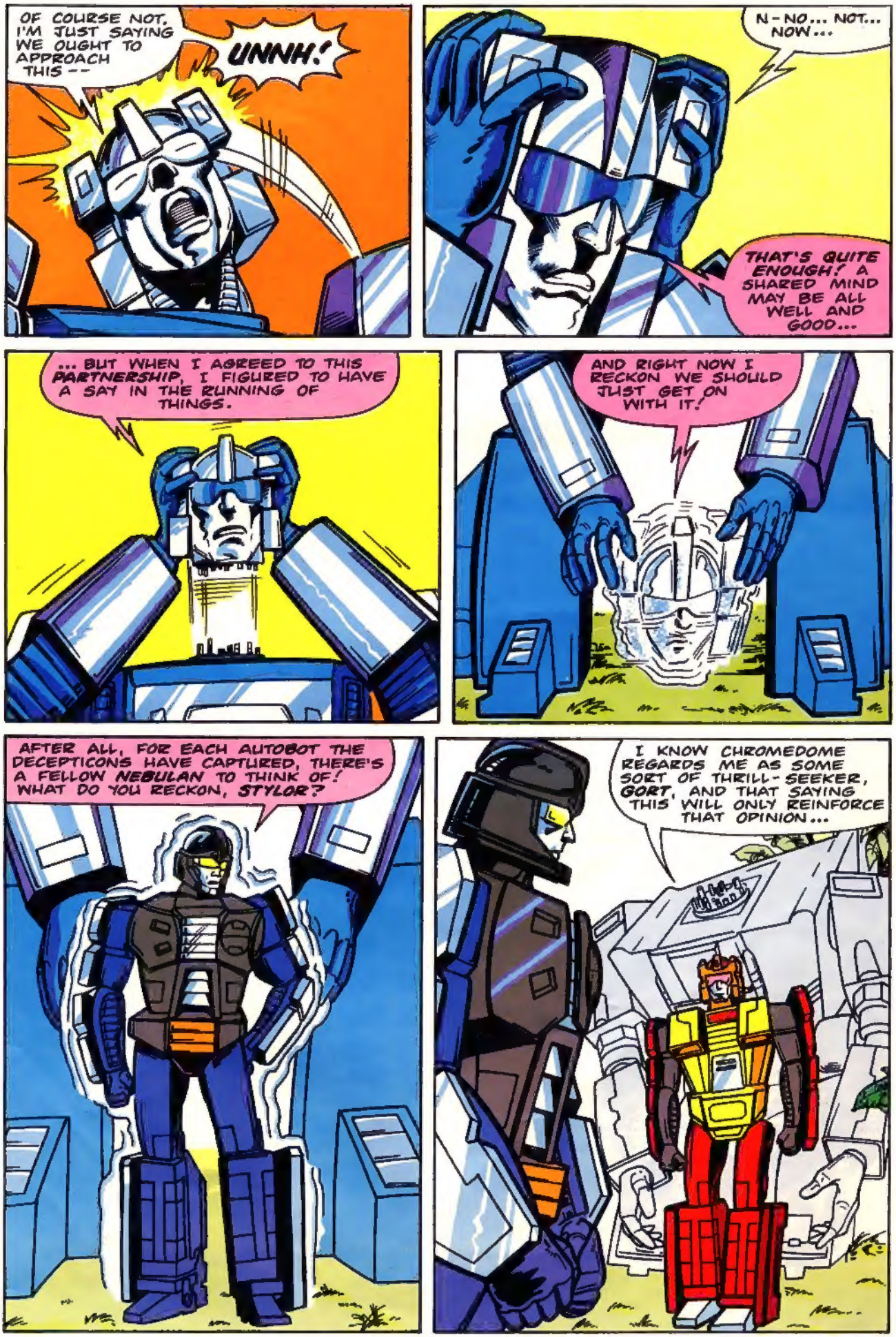
NHH — NOW JUST A MINUTE. HIGHBROW MAY WELL BE RIGHT! UNFORTUNATELY THOUGH, WE MUST PRESS ON.

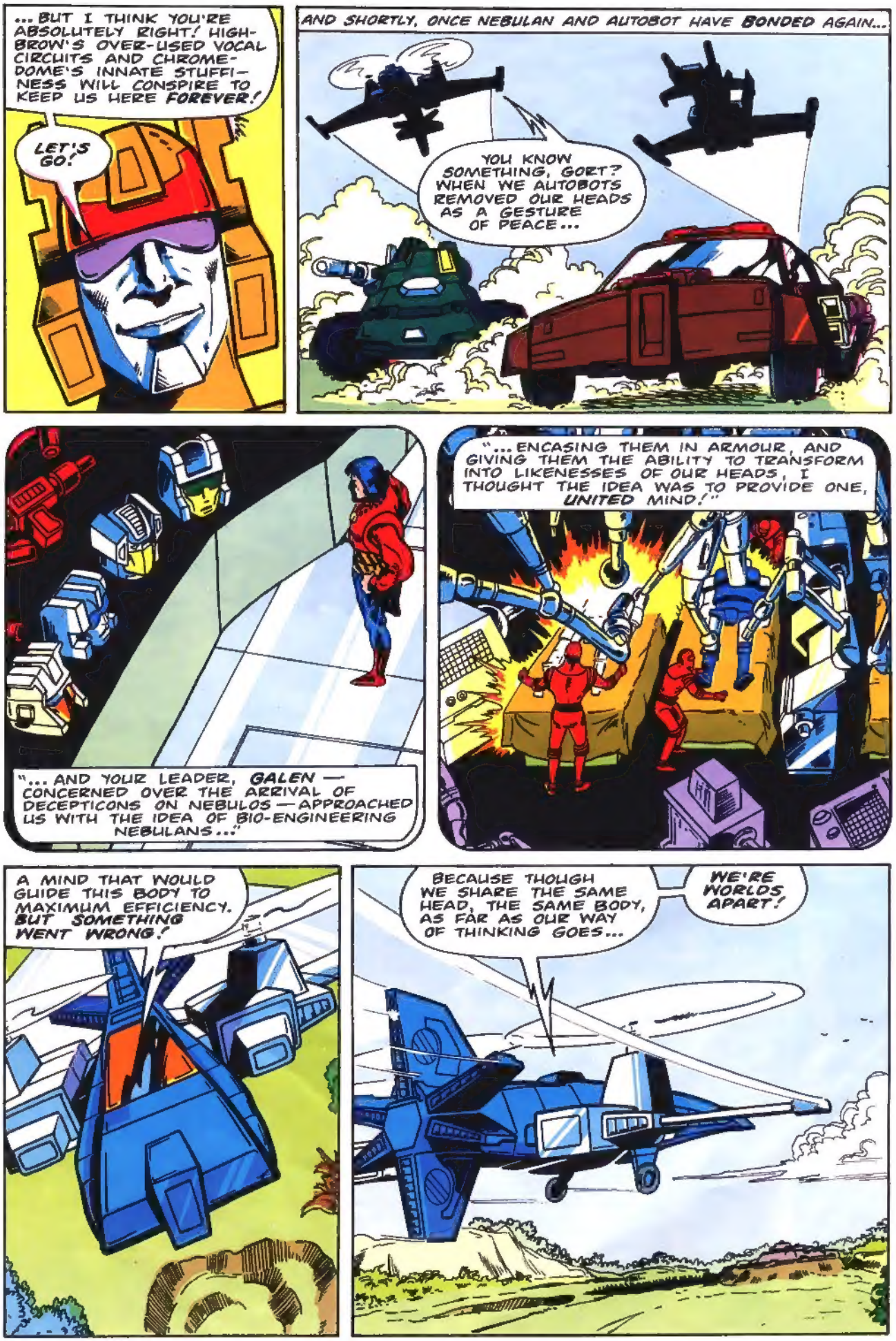

WE REALLY HAVE NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER. NOT IF WE WANT TO SEE OUR TARGETMASTER COMRADES AGAIN, THAT IS!

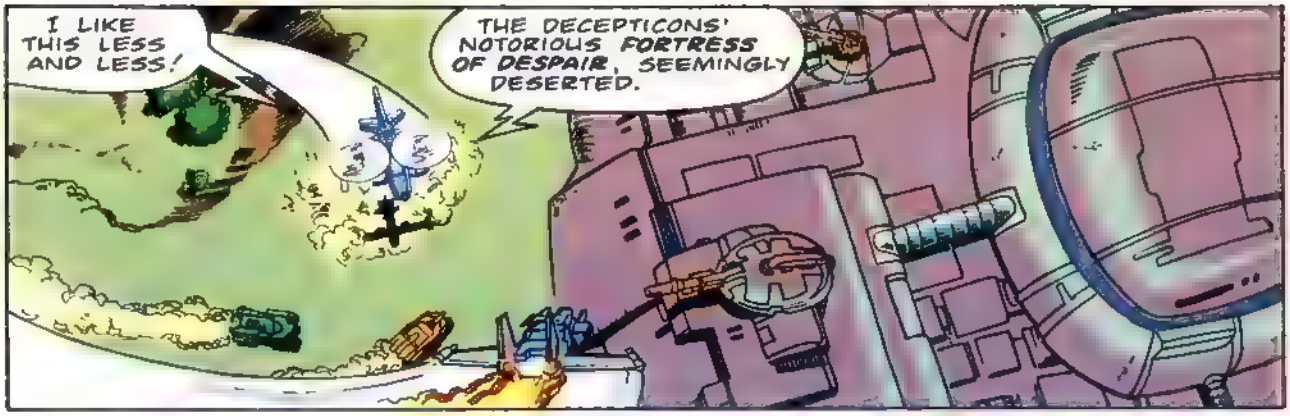
"SURESHOT, POINTBLANK AND CROSSHAIRS..."

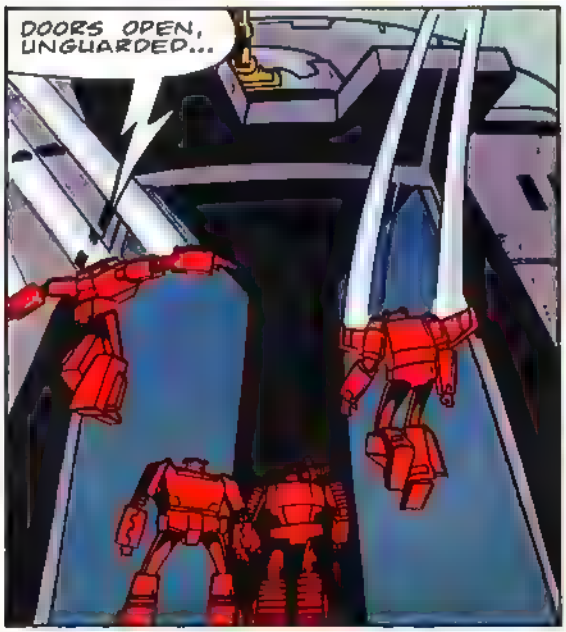

... ARE CAPTIVES OF THE DECEPTICONS. THEY MEAN TO STRIP THEM DOWN— DISSECT THEM.
IF THE DECEPTICONS ARE HAVING TROUBLE PERFECTING THE TRANSFORMATION OF NEBULAN TO TARGETMASTER WEAPON, IT'S AN EDGE WE MUST NOT LET SLIP AWAY.

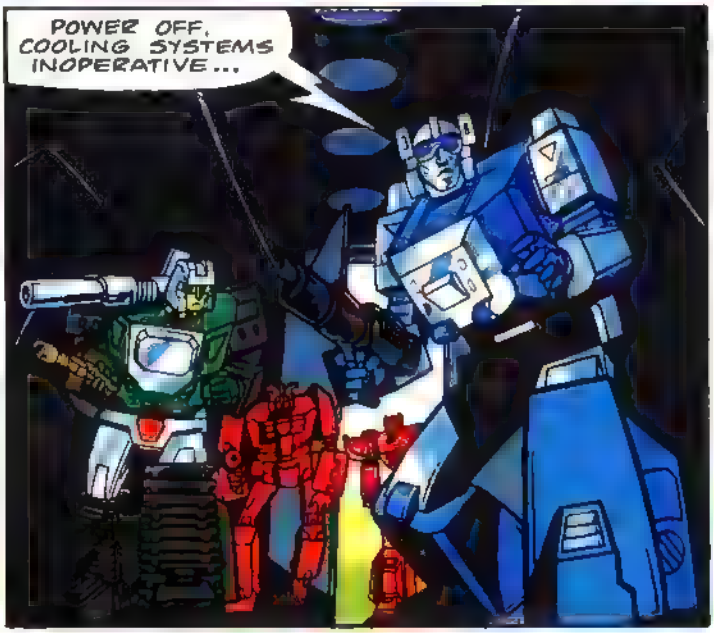
AND ANYWAY, WOULD YOU ABANDON OUR COMRADES TO SUCH A TERRIBLE FATE?

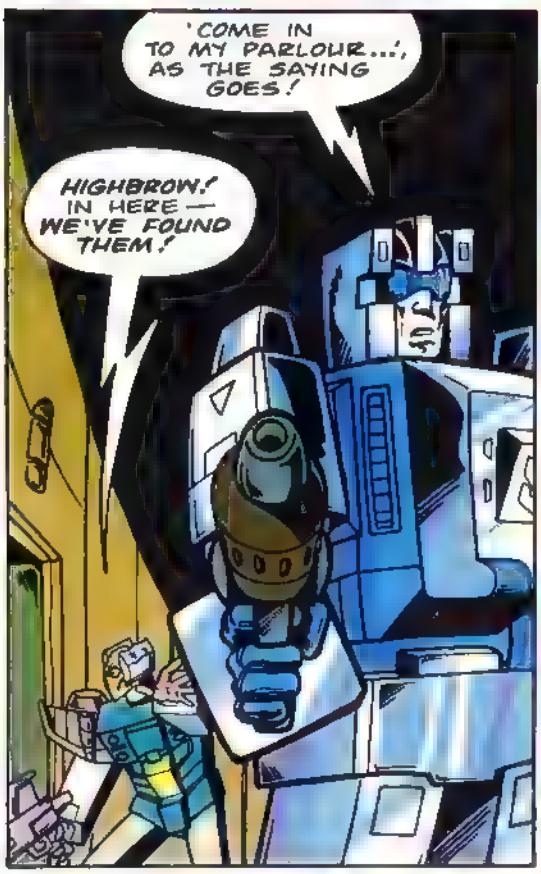

OF COURSE NOT. I'M JUST SAYING WE OUGHT TO APPROACH THIS --
UNNH!
N-NO... NOT... NOW...
THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH! A SHARED MIND MAY BE ALL WELL AND GOOD...
... BUT WHEN I AGREED TO THIS PARTNERSHIP, I FIGURED TO HAVE A SAY IN THE RUNNING OF THINGS.
AND RIGHT NOW I RECKON WE SHOULD JUST GET ON WITH IT!
AFTER ALL, FOR EACH AUTOBOT THE DECEPTICONS HAVE CAPTURED, THERE'S A FELLOW NEBULAN TO THINK OF! WHAT DO YOU RECKON, STYLOR?
I KNOW CHROMEDOME REGARDS ME AS SOME SORT OF THRILL-SEEKER, GORT, AND THAT SAYING THIS WILL ONLY REINFORCE THAT OPINION...

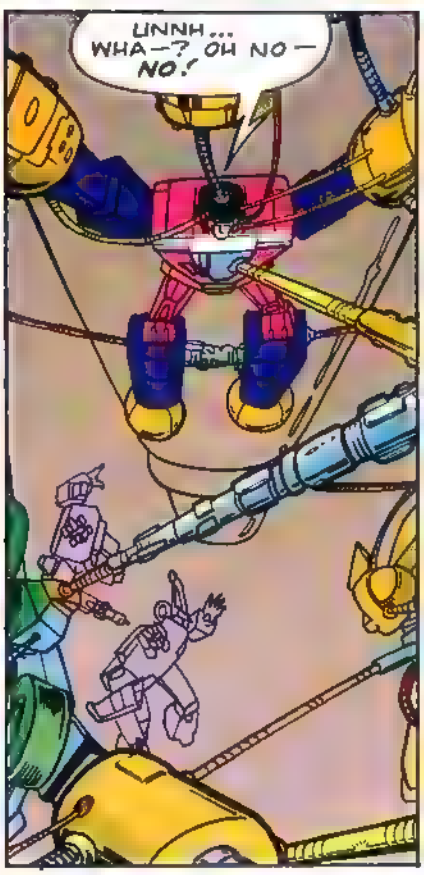

...BUT I THINK YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! HIGH-BROW'S OVER-USED VOCAL CIRCUITS AND CHROME-DOME'S INNATE STUFFI-NESS WILL CONSPIRE TO KEEP US HERE FOREVER!
LET'S GO!
AND SHORTLY, ONCE NEBULAN AND AUTOBOT HAVE BONDED AGAIN...
YOU KNOW SOMETHING, GORT? WHEN WE AUTOBOTS REMOVED OUR HEADS AS A GESTURE OF PEACE...
"...AND YOUR LEADER, GALEN — CONCERNED OVER THE ARRIVAL OF DECEPTICONS ON NEBULOS — APPROACHED US WITH THE IDEA OF BIO-ENGINEERING NEBULANS..."
"...ENCASING THEM IN ARMOUR, AND GIVING THEM THE ABILITY TO TRANSFORM INTO LIKENESSES OF OUR HEADS, I THOUGHT THE IDEA WAS TO PROVIDE ONE, UNITED MIND!"
A MIND THAT WOULD GUIDE THIS BODY TO MAXIMUM EFFICIENCY. BUT SOMETHING WENT WRONG!
BECAUSE THOUGH WE SHARE THE SAME HEAD, THE SAME BODY, AS FAR AS OUR WAY OF THINKING GOES...
WE'RE WORLDS APART!


I LIKE THIS LESS AND LESS!
THE DECEPTICONS' NOTORIOUS FORTRESS OF DESPAIR, SEEMINGLY DESERTED.

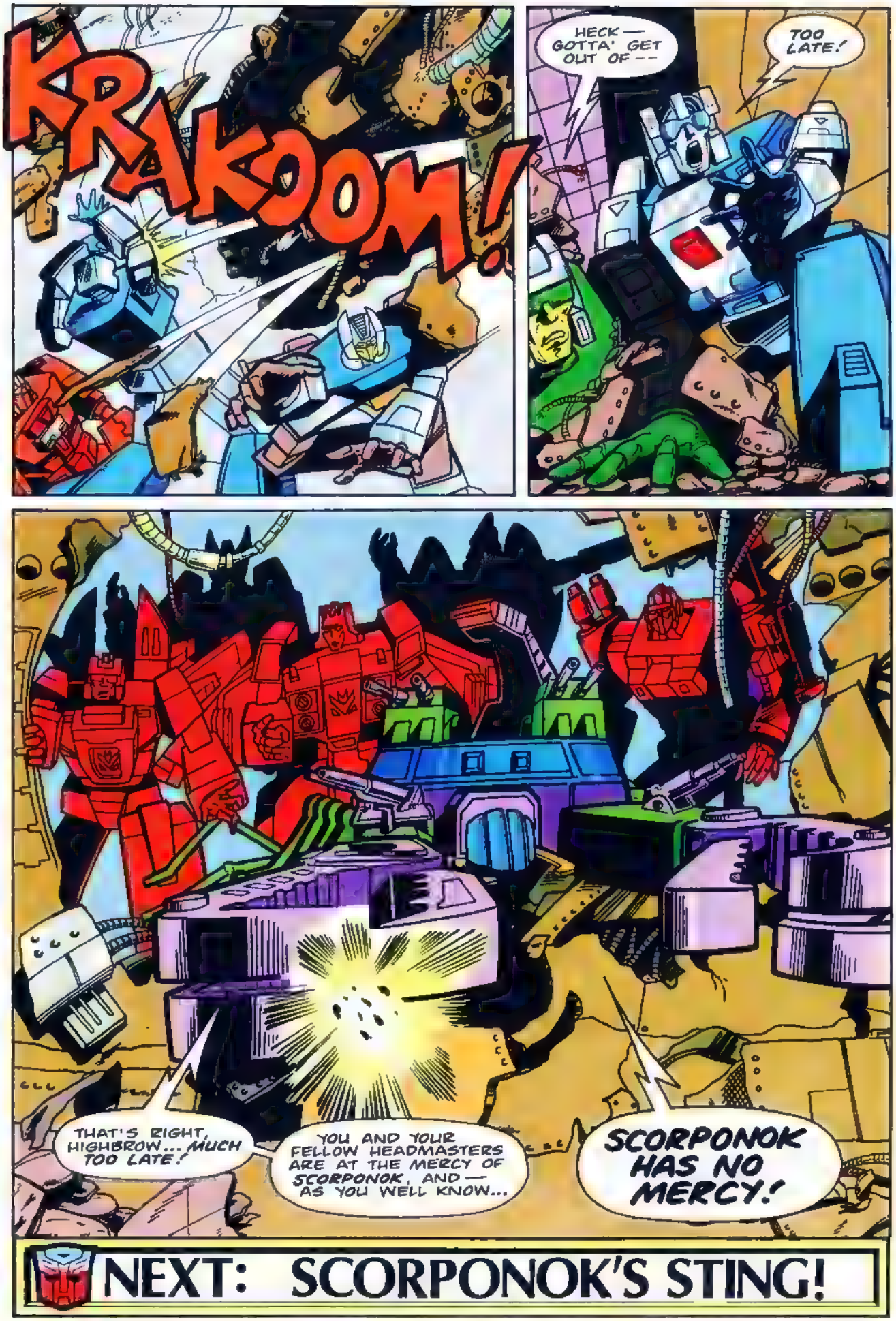

DOORS OPEN, UNGUARDED...


POWER OFF, COOLING SYSTEMS INOPERATIVE...


'COME IN TO MY PARLOUR...', AS THE SAYING GOES!
HIGHBROW! IN HERE — WE'VE FOUND THEM!


UNNH... WHA—? OH NO— NO!

GO — GET OUT OF HERE! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! IT'S NOT US THEY WANT ... IT'S NOT THE TARGETMASTER PROCESS THEY CAN'T PERFECT! WE'RE JUST THE BAIT!
IT'S YOU THEY--


KRAKOOM!
HECK — GOTTA' GET OUT OF — —
TOO LATE!
THAT'S RIGHT, HIGHBROW... MUCH TOO LATE!
YOU AND YOUR FELLOW HEADMASTERS ARE AT THE MERCY OF SCORPONOK, AND — AS YOU WELL KNOW...
SCORPONOK HAS NO MERCY!
NEXT: SCORPONOK'S STING!

MARVEL®

HEAD-MASTERS COMP INSIDE!

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THE TRANSFORMERS™

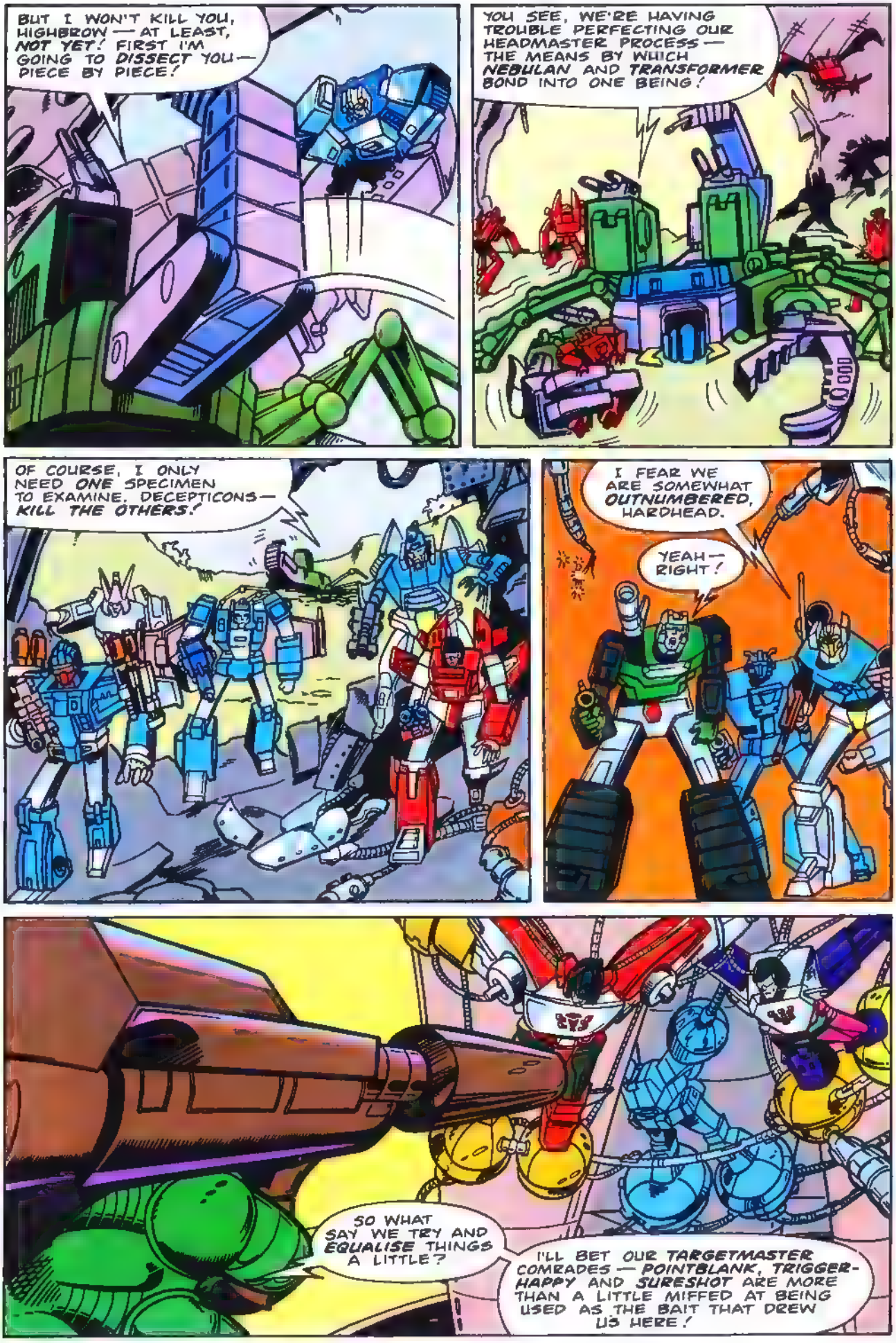
SCORPONOK'S STING!

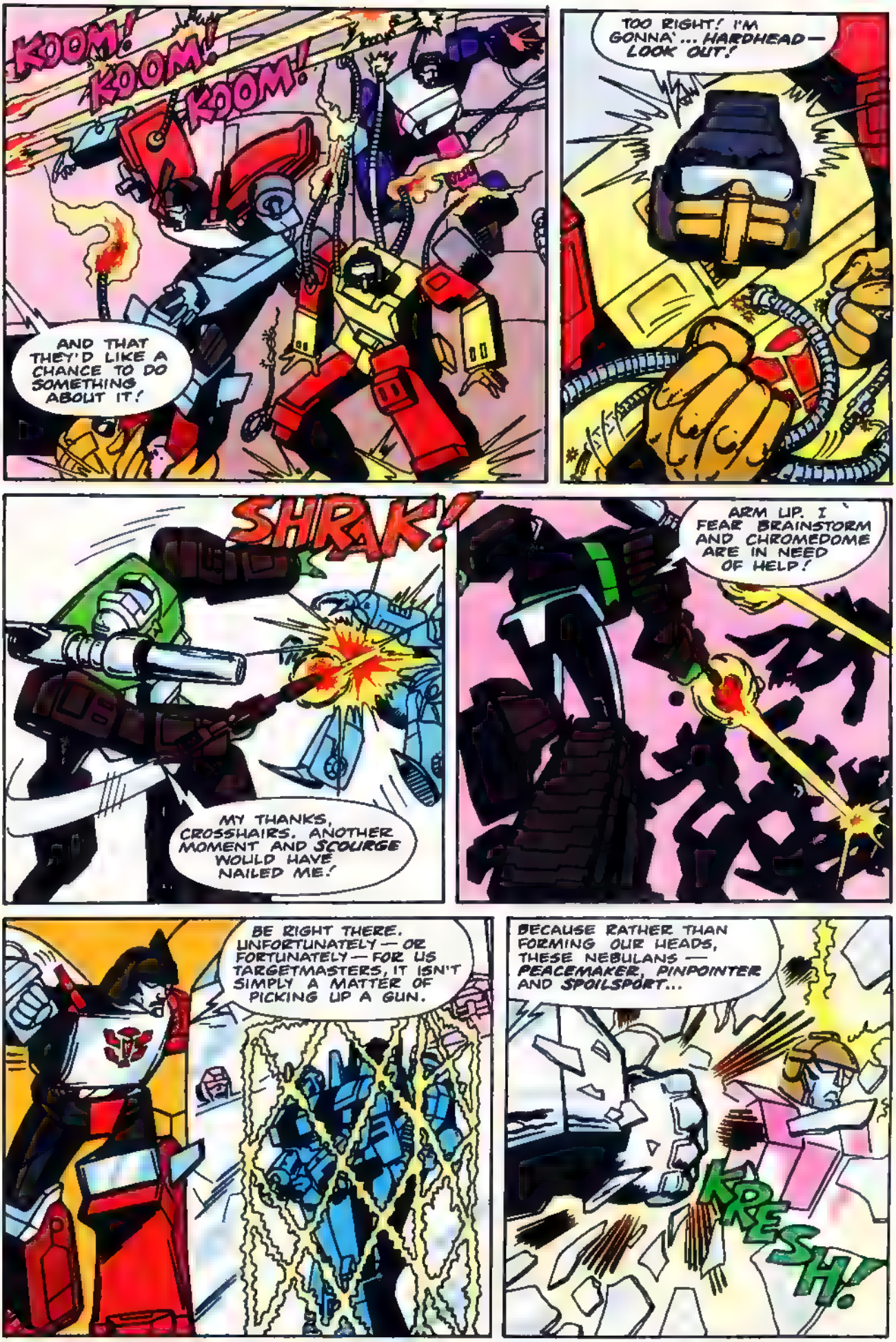
TRANSFORMERS™

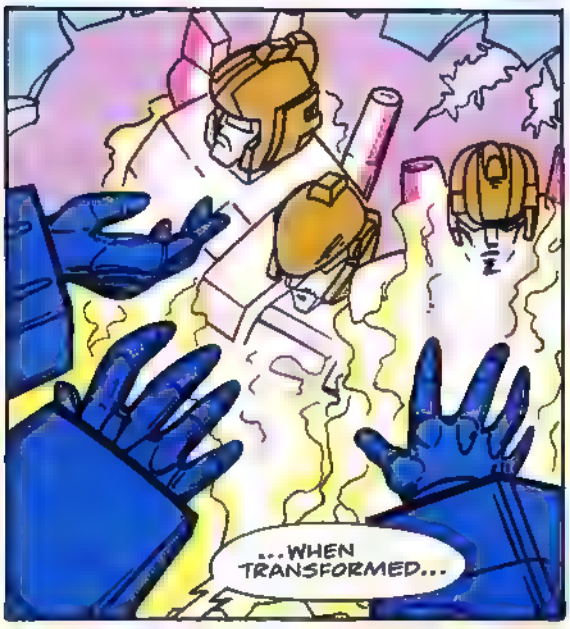
THE PLANET NEBULOS. FOR THE AUTOBOT HEADMASTERS — CHROMEDOME, HARDHEAD, BRAINSTORM AND HIGHBROW — A NEW AND DECIDEDLY DIFFERENT WORLD...
...WITH THE SAME OLD PROBLEMS!
DECEPTICONS!
WORLDS APART!
(PART 2)

Script SIMON FURMAN ■ Pencils WILL SIMPSON ■ Inks TIM PERKINS ■ Letters ANNIE H ■ Colour ABADZIS

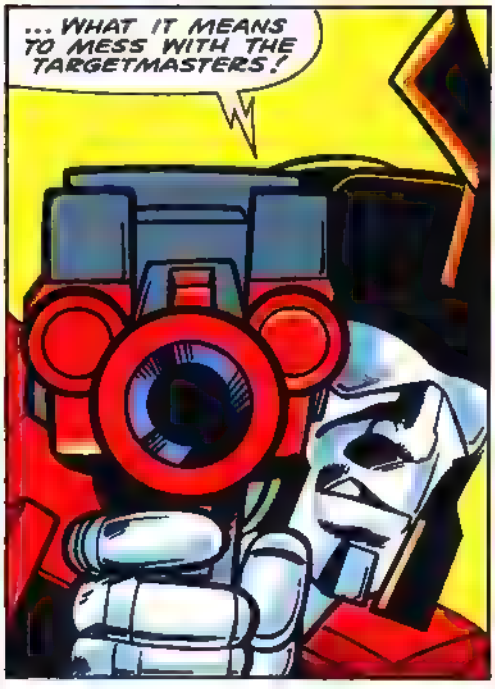
MOVE IT— UNNGH!
CHAM!
NOT JUST ANY DECEPTICONS, EITHER. WE APPEAR TO HAVE WALKED INTO A TRAP SET BY THE MOST POWERFUL AND DEADLY DECEPTICON HEAD-MASTER OF ALL...
...SCORPONOK!
QUITE SO. I HAD FEARED YOU WOULDN'T EVEN MAKE IT PAST WEIRDWOLF, MINDWIPE, SKULLCRUNCHER AND THE HORRORCONS...
...EVEN THOUGH I DID TELL THEM TO THROW THE FIGHT!*
STILL, HERE YOU ARE...
* LAST ISSUE.
AAAAGH!
...IN MY CLUTCHES, SO TO SPEAK!

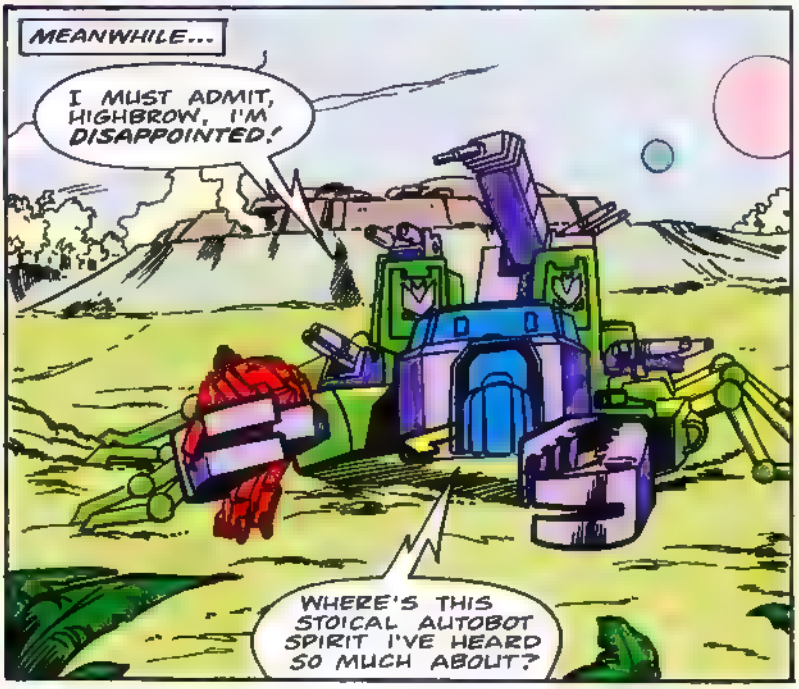

BUT I WON'T KILL YOU, HIGHBROW — AT LEAST, NOT YET! FIRST I'M GOING TO DISSECT YOU — PIECE BY PIECE!
YOU SEE, WE'RE HAVING TROUBLE PERFECTING OUR HEADMASTER PROCESS — THE MEANS BY WHICH NEBULAN AND TRANSFORMER BOND INTO ONE BEING!
OF COURSE, I ONLY NEED ONE SPECIMEN TO EXAMINE. DECEPTICONS — KILL THE OTHERS!
I FEAR WE ARE SOMEWHAT OUTNUMBERED, HARDHEAD.
YEAH — RIGHT!
SO WHAT SAY WE TRY AND EQUALISE THINGS A LITTLE?
I'LL BET OUR TARGETMASTER COMRADES — POINTBLANK, TRIGGER-HAPPY AND SURESHOT ARE MORE THAN A LITTLE MIFFED AT BEING USED AS THE BAIT THAT DREW US HERE!

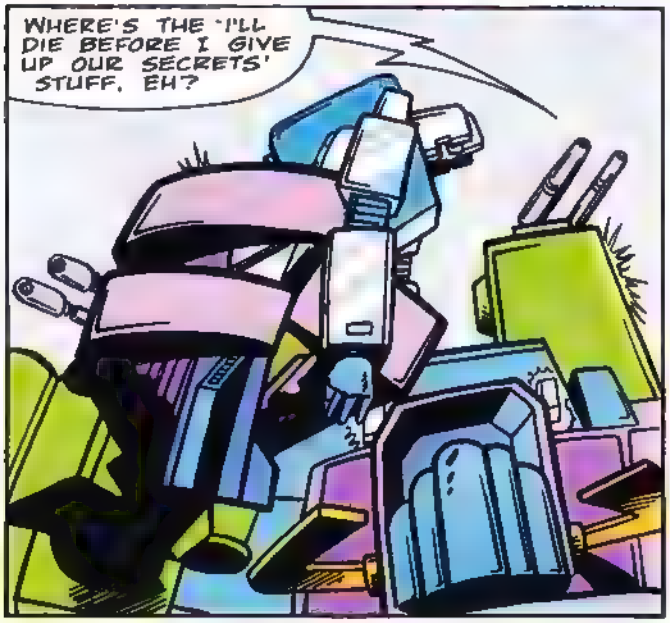

KOOM!
KOOM!
KOOM!
AND THAT THEY'D LIKE A CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
TOO RIGHT! I'M GONNA' ... HARDHEAD— LOOK OUT!
SHRAK!
MY THANKS, CROSSHAIRS. ANOTHER MOMENT AND SCOURGE WOULD HAVE NAILED ME!
ARM UP. I FEAR BRAINSTORM AND CHROMEDOME ARE IN NEED OF HELP!
BE RIGHT THERE. UNFORTUNATELY — OR FORTUNATELY — FOR US TARGETMASTERS, IT ISN'T SIMPLY A MATTER OF PICKING UP A GUN.
BECAUSE RATHER THAN FORMING OUR HEADS, THESE NEBULANS — PEACEMAKER, PINPOINTER AND SPOILSPORT...
KRESH!

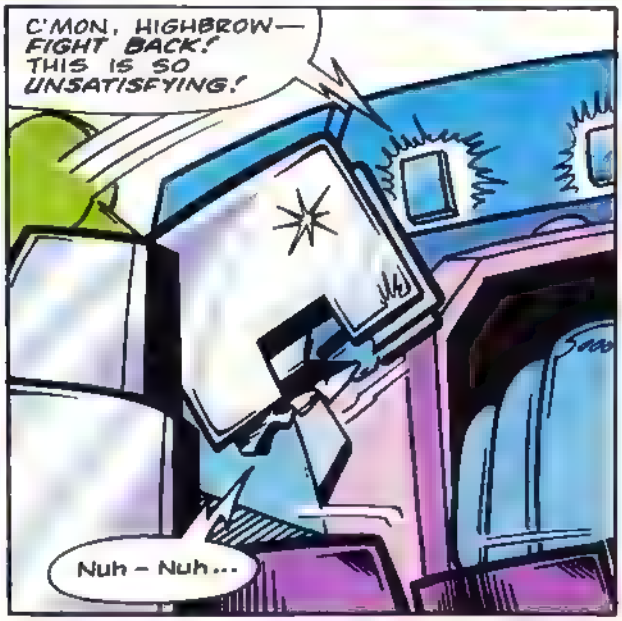

...WHEN TRANSFORMED...

...BECOME OUR GUNS! THE PERFECT TEAM — WARRIOR AND WEAPON UNITED BY ONE, CONTROLLING MIND!
NOW, WHAT SAY WE SHOW THESE DECEPTICON CREEPS...


...WHAT IT MEANS TO MESS WITH THE TARGETMASTERS!

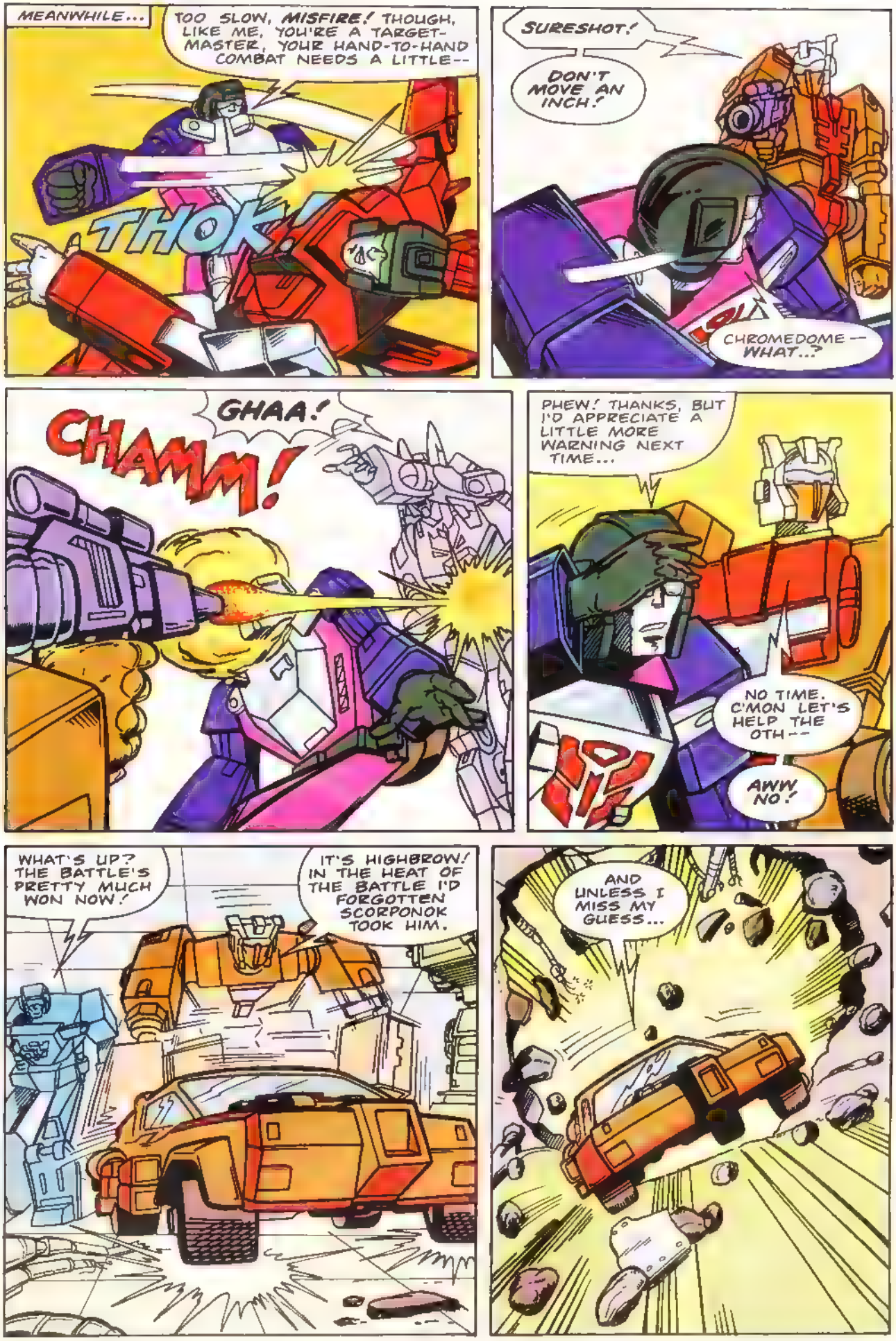

MEANWHILE...
I MUST ADMIT, HIGHBROW, I'M DISAPPOINTED!
WHERE'S THIS STOICAL AUTOBOT SPIRIT I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT?

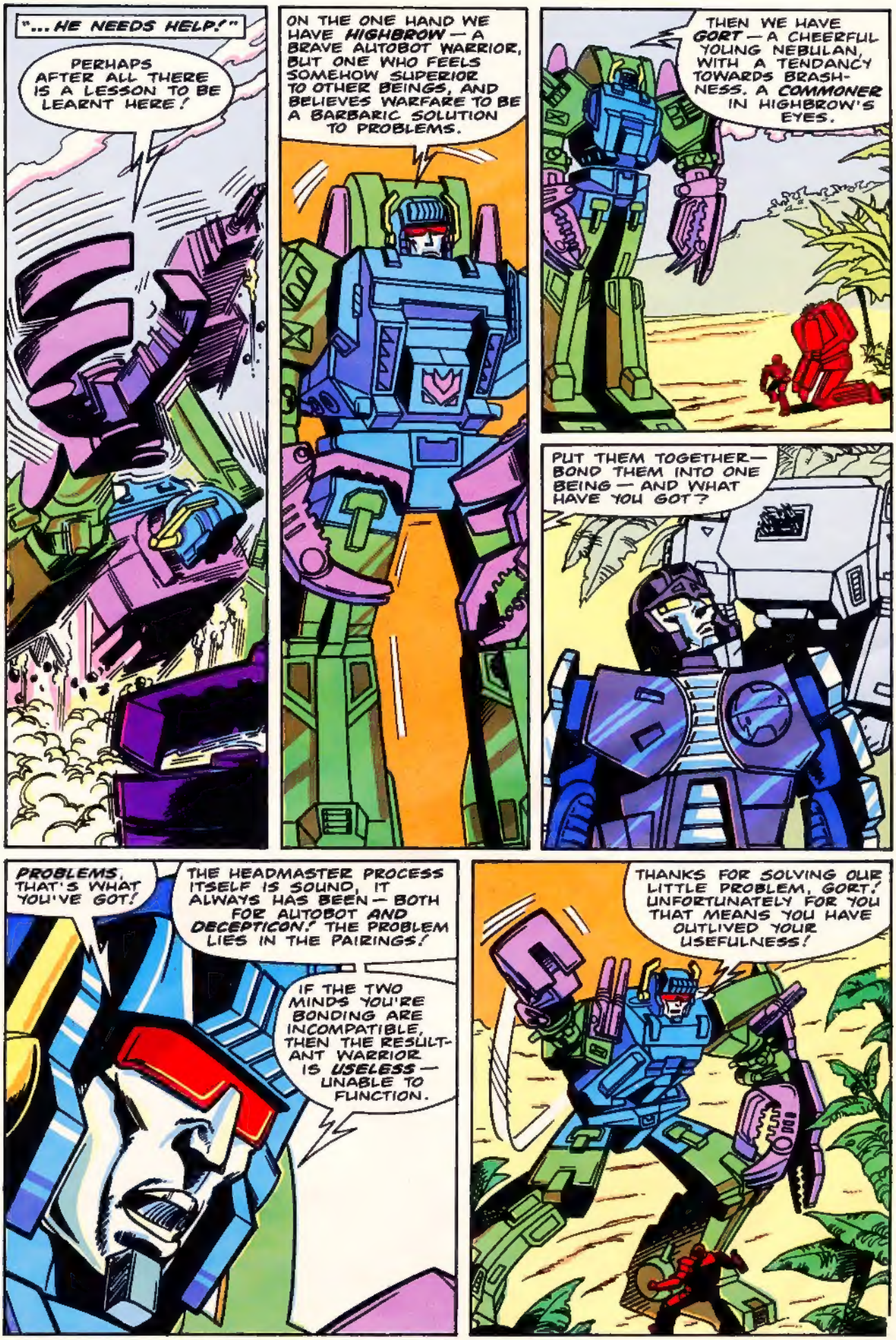

WHERE'S THE 'I'LL DIE BEFORE I GIVE UP OUR SECRETS' STUFF, EH?

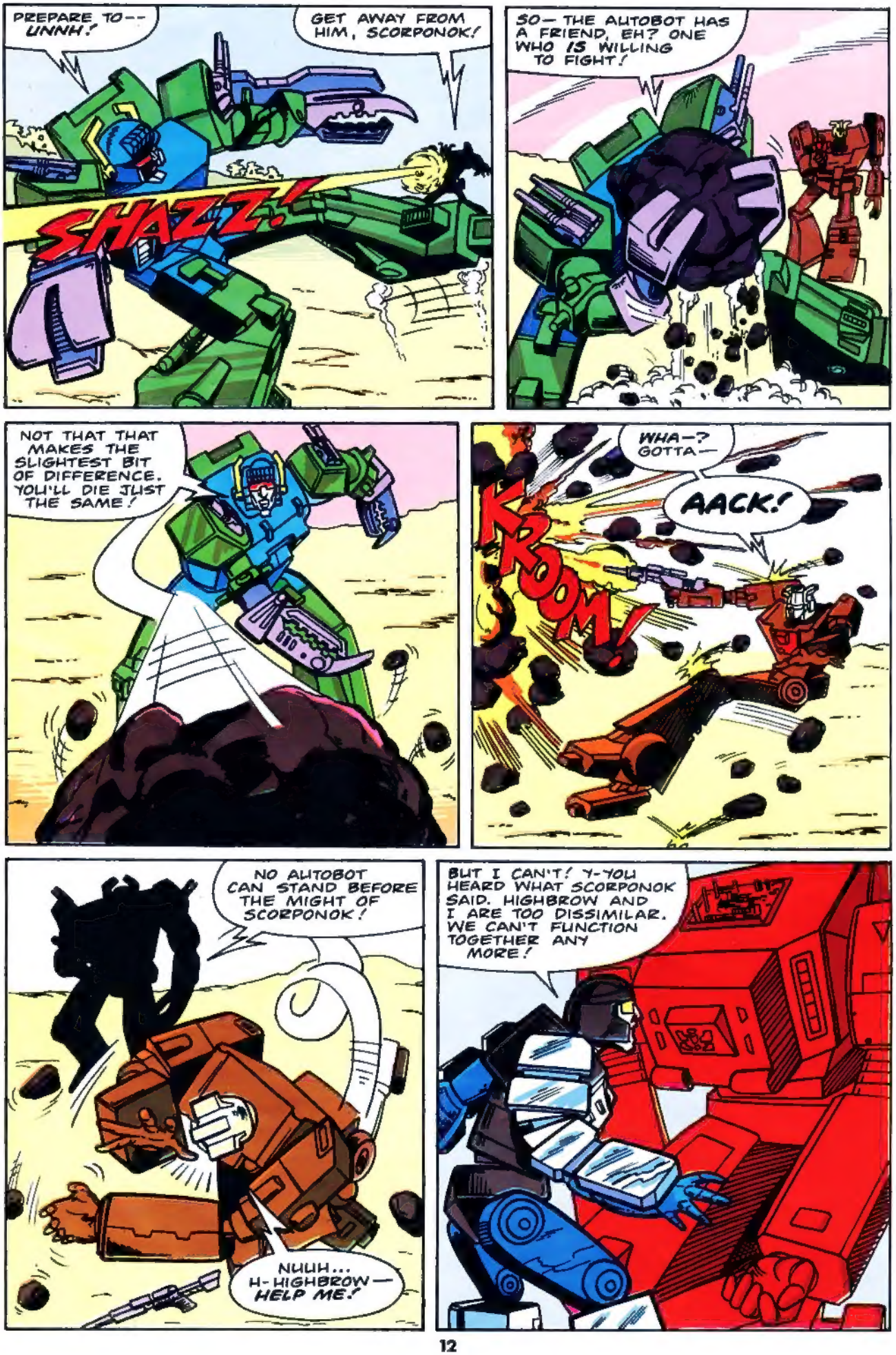

C'MON, HIGHBROW— FIGHT BACK! THIS IS SO UNSATISFYING!
Nuh - Nuh...

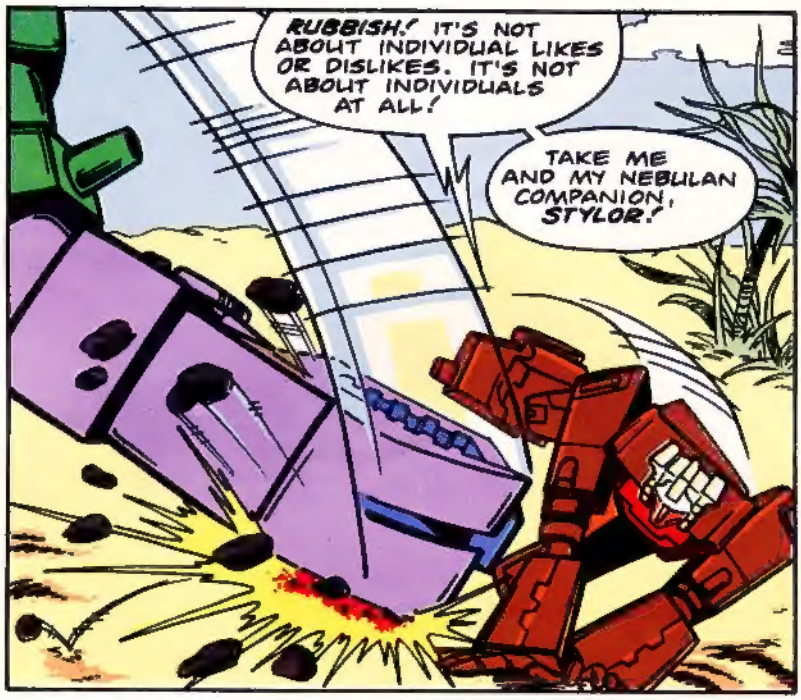
N-NO! CAN'T FIGHT HIM... I CAN'T...
WE MUST! THE SECRETS OF HEADMASTERS MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO FALL INTO DECEPTICON HANDS. FIGHT, GORT— FIGHT!
NO! HE'S TOO POWERFUL... HE'LL KILL US!
HAH! SURELY THIS IS THE ULTIMATE JOKE!
I GO TO ALL THE TROUBLE OF CAPTURING AN AUTOBOT HEADMASTER, SO WE CAN PERFECT THE BONDING OF NEBULAN AND TRANSFORMER...
ONLY TO FIND THAT THE ONE I HAVE CHOSEN...
IS A FAR FROM PERFECT EXAMPLE OF THE PROCESS!
LOOK, GORT— YOU GOT US INTO THIS! I ADVISED CAUTION, BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN!* NOW WE'VE GOTTA FIGHT, AND I CAN'T DO IT WITHOUT YOU!
*LAST ISSUE.
SORRY... SO SORRY...
I JUST... CAN'T!

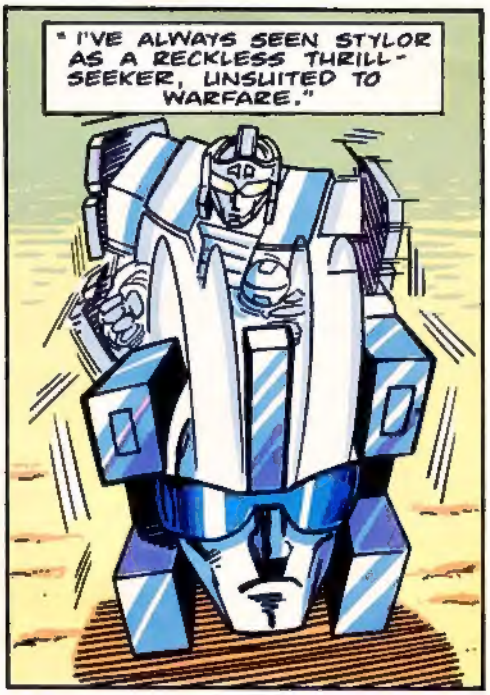
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

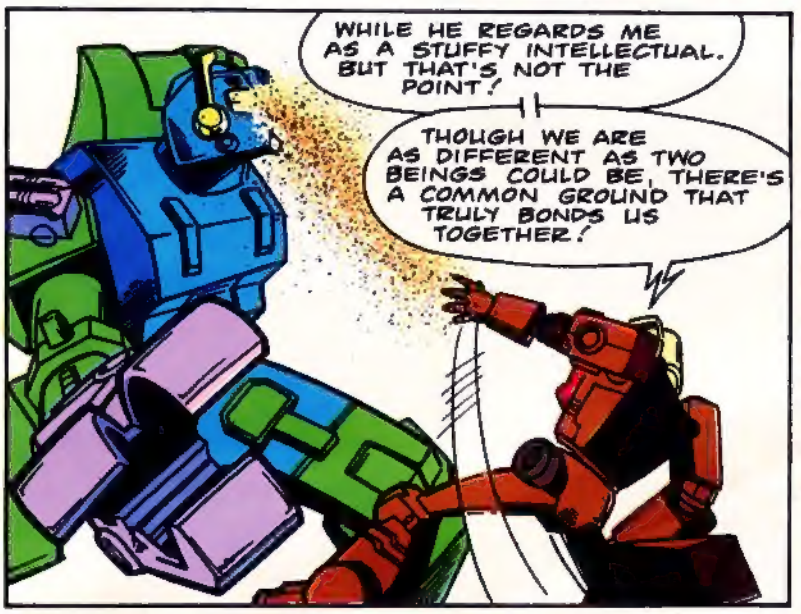

MEANWHILE...
TOO SLOW, MISFIRE! THOUGH, LIKE ME, YOU'RE A TARGET-MASTER, YOUR HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT NEEDS A LITTLE--
THOK!
SURESHOT!
DON'T MOVE AN INCH!
CHROMEDOME -- WHAT...?
GHAA!
CHAMM!
PHEW! THANKS, BUT I'D APPRECIATE A LITTLE MORE WARNING NEXT TIME...
NO TIME. C'MON LET'S HELP THE OTH--
AWW NO!
WHAT'S UP? THE BATTLE'S PRETTY MUCH WON NOW!
IT'S HIGHBROW! IN THE HEAT OF THE BATTLE I'D FORGOTTEN SCORPONOK TOOK HIM.
AND UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS...


"...HE NEEDS HELP!"
PERHAPS AFTER ALL THERE IS A LESSON TO BE LEARNT HERE!
ON THE ONE HAND WE HAVE HIGHBROW — A BRAVE AUTOBOT WARRIOR, BUT ONE WHO FEELS SOMEHOW SUPERIOR TO OTHER BEINGS, AND BELIEVES WARFARE TO BE A BARBARIC SOLUTION TO PROBLEMS.
THEN WE HAVE GORT — A CHEERFUL YOUNG NEBULAN, WITH A TENDANCY TOWARDS BRASHNESS. A COMMONER IN HIGHBROW'S EYES.
PUT THEM TOGETHER— BOND THEM INTO ONE BEING — AND WHAT HAVE YOU GOT?
PROBLEMS, THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE GOT!
THE HEADMASTER PROCESS ITSELF IS SOUND, IT ALWAYS HAS BEEN — BOTH FOR AUTOBOT AND DECEPTICON! THE PROBLEM LIES IN THE PAIRINGS!
IF THE TWO MINDS YOU'RE BONDING ARE INCOMPATIBLE, THEN THE RESULTANT WARRIOR IS USELESS — UNABLE TO FUNCTION.
THANKS FOR SOLVING OUR LITTLE PROBLEM, GORT! UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU THAT MEANS YOU HAVE OUTLIVED YOUR USEFULNESS!

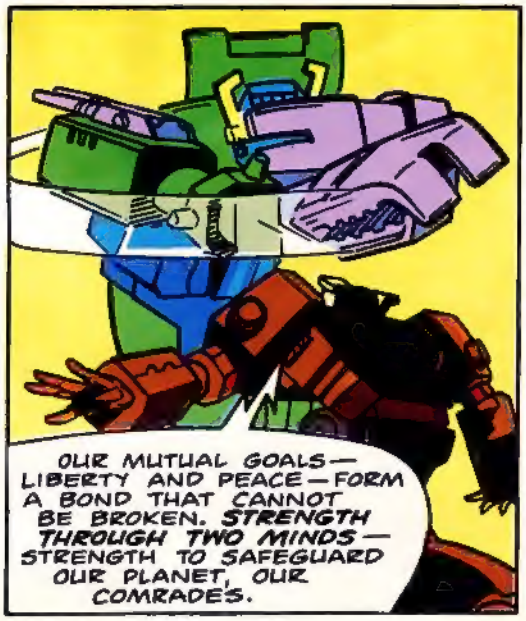

PREPARE TO-- UNNH!
GET AWAY FROM HIM, SCORPONOK!
SHAZZ!
SO— THE AUTOBOT HAS A FRIEND, EH? ONE WHO IS WILLING TO FIGHT!
NOT THAT THAT MAKES THE SLIGHTEST BIT OF DIFFERENCE. YOU'LL DIE JUST THE SAME!
WHA—? GOTTA—
AACK!
KROOM!
NO AUTOBOT CAN STAND BEFORE THE MIGHT OF SCORPONOK!
NUUH... H-HIGHBROW— HELP ME!
BUT I CAN'T! Y-YOU HEARD WHAT SCORPONOK SAID. HIGHBROW AND I ARE TOO DISSIMILAR. WE CAN'T FUNCTION TOGETHER ANY MORE!


RUBBISH! IT'S NOT ABOUT INDIVIDUAL LIKES OR DISLIKES. IT'S NOT ABOUT INDIVIDUALS AT ALL!
TAKE ME AND MY NEBULAN COMPANION, STYLOR!


"I'VE ALWAYS SEEN STYLOR AS A RECKLESS THRILL-SEEKER, UNSUITED TO WARFARE."

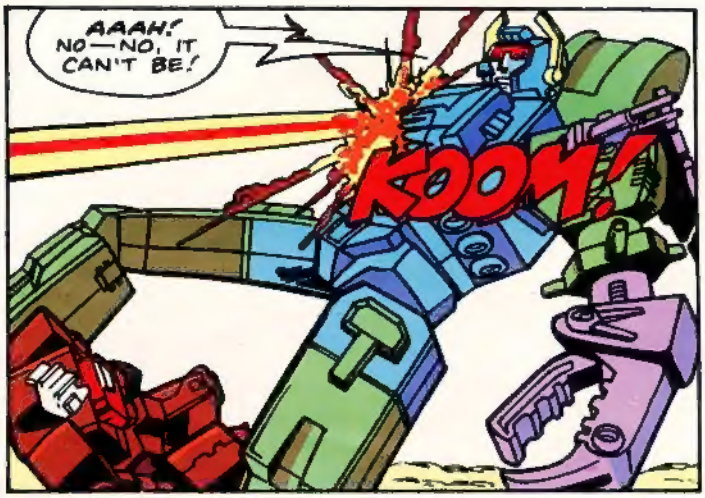

WHILE HE REGARDS ME AS A STUFFY INTELLECTUAL. BUT THAT'S NOT THE POINT!
THOUGH WE ARE AS DIFFERENT AS TWO BEINGS COULD BE, THERE'S A COMMON GROUND THAT TRULY BONDS US TOGETHER!

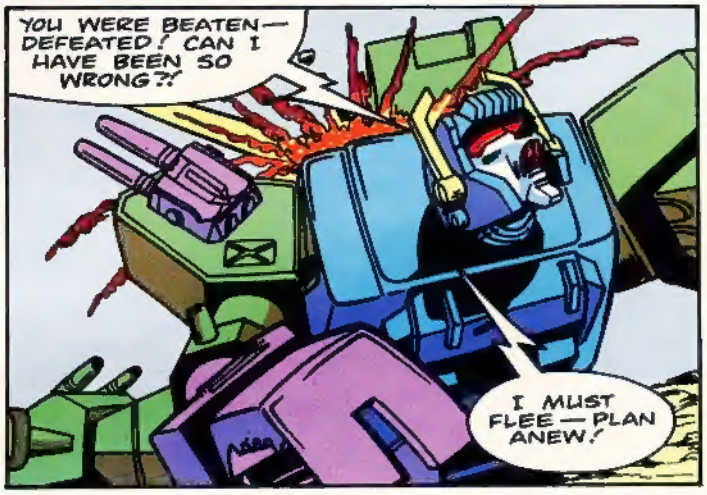
"MOTIVES, METHODS, PERSONALITIES — THEY'RE ALL UNIMPORTANT WHEN COMPARED TO WHAT WE CAN ACHIEVE."


OUR MUTUAL GOALS — LIBERTY AND PEACE — FORM A BOND THAT CANNOT BE BROKEN. STRENGTH THROUGH TWO MINDS — STRENGTH TO SAFEGUARD OUR PLANET, OUR COMRADES.

"ISN'T THAT WHAT'S REALLY IMPORTANT?"
YES — YES IT IS! AND I CAN HONESTLY SAY...

KRAK!





MY PROBLEM...SORRY, OUR PROBLEM, WAS THAT WE COULDN'T SEE IT. THOUGH GORT AND I ARE, AS I ONCE SAID, WORLDS APART IN OUR WAY OF THINKING...
...THAT'S REALLY WHERE OUR TRUE STRENGTH LIES. USING THE POSITIVE RATHER THAN NEGATIVE ASPECTS OF BOTH MINDS, WE CAN BECOME ONE, UNITED ENTITY. A FORCE FOR TRUTH AND JUSTICE.

NEXT: KUP'S STORY!